

Hide and Seek
by Carol Sandford

"No, don't, Will."

His breath rasped painfully against her ear as he tried to hold onto the tiny piece of sanity left within him, "You don't mean that, Deanna. You can't lie to me. You want this as much as I do." He growled as he took her soft lobe between his teeth, "More."

Deanna tested her palms against his hard chest, but even though his hold on her was feather-light, the hint of steel within them held her fast. She was going nowhere.

She whispered against his throat, using every ounce of her inner strength to stop her tongue from snaking out and trailing a path along the long column of his neck, "I don't want this, Will."

She felt the rumble against her fingers, and knew he was laughing at her, "Liar. I'll prove it."

Before Deanna realised his intent and before she could utter, 'stop', Will had threaded his long fingers in her hair, cupping her skull tenderly, masterfully, turning it so he could take her mouth.

Her pitiful request died in her throat as he skilfully took advantage of her momentary surprise, slipping his hot tongue between her open lips, filling it so much so, Deanna had no chance of ejecting it even if she'd wanted to.

The more his tongue swirled and sucked at her own the more she felt her struggle against what was happening between them slip away. She didn't realise her hands had moved until she felt the hard planes of his shoulders ripple beneath them.

She felt his mind shift gear as her submission became apparent. But when Deanna heard his mind whisper, 'I've won.', it was like having an ice cold bucket of water thrown at her senses.

She ripped away from his embrace so suddenly, Will was momentarily stunned, enough for her to step away from his arms, his mouth. Both stood facing each other, their chests heaving with exertion and passion. His mouth shone with her inner moisture and she knew her own lips were swollen from his onslaught.

His eyes were bright and suffused with emotion as they searched hers, trying to focus, trying to understand why she didn't want what was happening between them.

And something was happening.

"Deanna?"

"This isn't right, Will."

He stepped close enough for her to feel his breath upon her flushed cheeks, and she belatedly wondered why she hadn't moved away.

"Right, Deanna. How can you say that? This isn't even wrong! "

She didn't resist when he gently pulled her into his arms again, circling her entire small frame within his large one. She sighed against his chest, "If things were different..."

He kissed the top of her head, his voice low, laced with pain, "Things will never be different, Deanna, not unless we make it different. I love you."

His words, words that she had waited for a long time to hear soaked through to her soul, bringing tears to her eyes. Tears that she had hidden for so long she'd forgotten they existed, somehow knowing that this moment was never supposed to happen.

But it had, and she was scared.

Scared at how those words still felt to her. Nothing had been forgotten. Nothing had changed. She felt the same but thought they would never be uttered again, and now they had she knew she could say them and still feel the power of those words. But it meant changes.

And she was scared.

Somehow he read her mind. Tipping her chin up so that he could see her moist eyes, he lowered his lips to hers, the kiss tender, compassionate. His words mingled with her breath, "I'm scared too, Imzadi."

This time when he kissed her, she was ready, and willing and when he swung her up into his arms she knew there was no going back, not even if she'd wanted to. But when he lay her on top of his bed, she was surprised when he lay down beside her, propping himself up on one elbow so that he could look into her face.

She waited, surprised at the sudden change in him. The old Will would have had her naked and wanton by now. But the new Will simply threaded his fingers within hers as he once more touched feather-light kisses to her lips and face.

There was no mistaking the desire in his eyes, nor the love. Deanna sensed that he had things to say and she waited with barely restrained impatience. It wasn't until he began to kiss her again with the passion of a lover that he suddenly stopped, the effort bringing a guttural moan from deep within him as he moved himself across her lap, lacing both hands with hers, effectively, but lovingly imprisoning her.

"Have you any idea of the thoughts that have run through my mind since the first time I saw you on board, Deanna?"

She could only shake her head, knowing that they both knew it was untrue. Deanna had on numerous occasions been on the receiving end of his lascivious thoughts, secretly loving it, secretly wallowing in the power that she still had over him.

The air turned thick with desire as he asked her, "Can I tell you. Can I tell you some of those thoughts, Deanna? I want you to understand a few things about me. That I'm not just a lecherous man but someone who's still very much in love with you."

"I know..."

He knew what I was going to say, but he stilled my words with a quick, sharp kiss, "Just listen to me, okay?"

She nodded and waited.

His eyes took on a far away look for a moment before turning them full force to her, "All I've ever wanted is you, Deanna. There have been times when I have been beside myself with want. When all I've wanted, and dreamed for, is to feel myself inside you..."

He heard and saw her gasp, feeling her fingers pulling against his, testing the resistance. He didn't release her, intent on her hearing the rest of what he had to say. He had to prove his feelings to her and this was the only way how.

Spurred on by the way her eyes had turned even darker with his admission, he ploughed on relentlessly, "I've wanted to taste you so that your scent is with me all day. I've wanted you to wrap your legs around me and hold on so tight while I've made love to you. I've wanted to watch you fall apart in my arms knowing that I'm the only one who's ever done that to you, Deanna, and I know that I am the only one, aren't I?"

He quick shake of the head fuelled him on, "I've wanted to stroke and tease you, and kiss you so erotically that you come without me doing anything else. I want to hear you cry out my name when I've let myself go within you, knowing that maybe, just maybe we've created a child. I want to have babies with you, Deanna, one day, soon."

He watched as the tears welled in her eyes again and he leaned down to kiss her tenderly, knowing that when he rose again those same tears would have fallen.

And they had, but he carried on, "You're like a fever, Deanna. You're forever in my my thoughts, my dreams. I feel you running through my blood, right to my core. You're part of me. The better part of me. I want you to love me like I love you. I want us to be what we both want us to be; together. I want what is about to happen, to happen to us every night for the rest of our lives."

Releasing her fingers, Will leaned down, cupping her face in his large hands, forcing her to look into his eyes, his heart and his soul, "I'm going to make love to you, Deanna Troi."

There was no request, no chance for her to say no, even if she'd wanted to. What had started out to be a silly conversation about their futures had turned into a moment made for dreams only. A moment that neither one had thought they would see. A moment that was going to end just how so many of their dreams had foretold.

Together.

But was this what they really wanted? Even though Will had opened his heart to her, Deanna still held back, unsure of not only Will, but herself too. She had to try one last time to stop what could be the worst mistake of their lives. Just once more.

But as her mind raced through ways of throwing logic at their predicament, Will was gently and systematically removing her clothing along with his own until all that was left was her panties.

Somehow she found the strength to reach down and stop his hand from removing the lacy scrap of material. His questioning eyes found hers. The intensity of his gaze almost became her undoing, more so when he breathlessly whispered her name, "Deanna?"

It took all her will power to look him straight in the eye and utter brokenly the one word she didn't want to say, "No." But she couldn't hold the gaze. Couldn't watch his dismay. Couldn't hide her own lie. Her eyes fell shut blocking out everything including her own flame of desire.

The silence that followed was immeasurable, until almost as soon as it had begun, it ended when she suddenly felt his hand regain its hold on her last piece of clothing. Her eyes flew open finding his watching her intently. Waiting for her to see his decision. Wanting her to know that her little ploy hadn't worked, and before his mouth claimed hers in a brutally erotic, earth-shattering kiss, he rasped one word. One word that scattered every denial, every feigned pretence of something that could never be denied. One word that meant the end of friendship, and the start of something more precious,

"Yes."

The last barrier between them was stripped away and along with its removal came a united acquiescence. There was no going back. There was nothing left but the now, and now two hearts bodies and minds needed to meet and transcend.

As her body willingly rose to meet his, Will plunged home releasing a groan that belied the past ten years worth of denial, and now Deanna had finally let go of her resistance, she became a woman possessed, unwilling to let herself be starved of Will's love for a moment longer.

Now she met his movements with an intensity that made Will moan. Their bodies rose and fell together, becoming one and parting, only to come together again in a motion that left them gasping, their breaths mingling as they continued to watch one another through the maelstrom of emotions that cascaded and escalated them to fever pitch, until unable to hold

her frenzied body and mind in check for a moment longer, began to twist and turn her head, her groans getting more and more uncontrollable.

But Will wanted her with him, all the way. He felt her begin to climb the stairway to oblivion. Knew she was close to falling apart. Knew he wanted to fall apart with her. Grasping her hair within his tight fists, he found her mouth, plunging his tongue into it just as the scream left her lungs. Just before her climax. Just before he heard the word 'Imzadi!' rip through to his soul. Just before he let go his own release, leaving them both violently convulsing as wave after wave of euphoric pleasure coursed through them both.

Exhausted, Will lay cradled between her thighs. Deanna absently stroked his sweat soaked hair as her heartbeat somehow resumed a normal beat along side his. The cabin had grown dim with the passing of time, leaving them basking in the gentle glow of the panel's neon lighting.

She felt not only Will's body shift but his mind too. Raising her arms to allow Will to slide off and tuck himself against her still hot body, Deanna cradled his head against her breast, loving the feeling of it. Loving the intimacy of it.

"You okay, Will?"

"Uh huh. You?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

Several long moments went past before Will quietly spoke, "You weren't ready for this. I'm sorry."

Deanna tightened her hold on his shoulders, her other hand finding his features in the dimness. "Don't be. I needed to be forced. I wanted this as much as you did Will, only I didn't have the courage to move forward. I'm glad."

Will inwardly groaned as her fingers traced his face, his lips, making his lower loins tingle with response. Pushing himself onto his elbow once more he looked into her eyes, half hidden in the shadows, "I would have stopped you know...if you had meant it."

She smiled at his half hearted attempt at a joke, "I know you would have. Its a pity you didn't try it on with me a long time ago, you never now what might have happened. Think of all the years we've lost."

He smiled, "I don't think of them as lost, Deanna, just in hiding, waiting for one of us to count to ten."

She frowned, searching his face for understanding, "Hiding? I wasn't hiding, Will. You could have found me anytime."

Drawing her back against his body, he kissed her lightly, "Yes, I know, but I was. Its taken

me ten years and a planet called Ba'ku to bring me out of my hiding place, and I have no intention of playing the game ever again."

Deanna smiled tenderly, "Not even for our children?"

Will sighed contentedly, "Not even for our children."

Deanna grinned devilishly, "How about for me?"

Will moved his head so that he could see her face, "You want to play hide and seek?!"

Laughing, she shifted her body lower, spanning his large chest with her hands, "Yes, you hide, I'll seek."

She shifted lower, "One, two, three..." lower still, "four, five, six..." She felt him shiver when she swirled her tongue around his belly button, the action bringing a smirk to her features, "seven, eight, nine..."

"Ten!"